THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF RICHARD POEKRICH, Esq;

Animula, Vagula, Blandidula,
Quæ cito abibis in loca,
Horridula, Pallidula, Stridula,
An ut Solebas dabis jocos,

Adrian Imper.

My little Soul, that soon will take its flight,
To dreary Manſions, or to Realms of Light;
When in that World unknown, wilt thou, as here,
Still have thy Joke, or ſing thy Sonnet queer?

VOL. I.

DUBLIN,

Printed for the AUTHOR, by JAMES BYRN in *Thomas-Street*, near *Francis-Street*, M,DCC,LV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE PREFACE.

THE AUTHOR *being greatly importuned, by his Friends, to publish his* MEMOIRS, *as formerly proposed; but being obliged, for many Reasons, to postpone that Work, has, in the mean time, prepared this little Medley or Snack to stay their Appetites, 'til a more regular Entertainment is ready.*

As the Author *or* Founder *of this Regale, proposes to make his Friends pay an* English *Shilling for their* Ordinary; *it is no more than what is usual upon Invitations of the like Nature; only with this difference, that others invite their Friends, without any mention of the*

Expence conſequent thereto; whereas, he candidly tells his Gueſts, that the Cook *or* Printer *expects to be* tip'd *for his Trouble, which is all the Maſter of the* Feaſt *hopes for; who thinks it more commendable to make his Friends pay before they ſit down, than afterwards, by ſecuring their Hats, Canes, or Swords for the reckoning.*

He, indeed, at firſt, propoſed to tax his Friends a little higher; but hearing ſo many complain of the badneſs of the Times, and the ſcarcity of Caſh, he reduced the price to the ſum already mentioned: And he obliges himſelf, by theſe Preſents, that in caſe any of them ſhould imagine they have not received Value for their Money, to refund the ſame, when ever they are pleaſed to draw upon his Bank in Mount Parnaſſus, *provided he does not turn* Bankrupt; *and, like ſome of his brother* Bankers, *be obliged to ſhut up.*

If

If ſuch a Misfortune ſhould happen, there is this Conſolation, that the Loſs will not much affect them; and they will have a great deal more Paper *for their Money, which will bring in ſomething from* Paſtry-Cooks *or* Snuff-Shops.

In the beginning of this Entertainment, the Company muſt expect, as uſual, to be very grave and reſerved, till they grow a little more familiar with one another; then the merry Song, Pun *or* Conundrum *will, of courſe, ſucceed. And as the Author intends, when all Reſerve and Formality are laid aſide, to ſay many things, that may, perhaps, bear a double meaning, in order to excite a Laugh; it is humbly to be hoped, the Ladies, in particular, will put the moſt favourable Conſtruction on them; as, they may be aſſured, the Author means only* one *thing by them.*

In the Bill of Fare, which, you have already ſeen, conſiſts of three Courſes; the Epigrams *come in by way of* Deſart, *which will be made up of little* knick-knacks, *ſuch as* Tarts, Jellies, *&c. But if any of them ſhould either prove inſipid, or a little too luſcious for their qualmiſh Stomachs, they may paſs ſuch over, and ſend them away untouched; as in all Deſarts there are many things introduced, only to fill up, and preſerve the Œconomy of the Table.*

It will be neceſſary here to apprize the Company, that the Editor *or* Compiler, *had but a very little time to prepare this* Feaſt *for them; he, therefore, humbly hopes there will be no remarks made; as they may be aſſured of a* Cead mille failte Rom'had, *or a* hearty welcome.

THE

Leaſt the AUTHOR, *like moſt of his brother* DEDICATORS, *ſhould be ſuſpected of* Adulation *or* Flattery, *out of ſome* lucrative *View, he has made choice of the following Patron, which, he thinks, will clear him of any ſuch Imputation.*

THE DEDICATION.

TO

His Majeſty *HACK-BALL*,

King of the BEGGARS,

POETS, PROJECTERS, *&c. &c.*

TO thee this little Book for Refuge flies;
To thee, who ne'er a Subject's Boon denies:

From ſnarling Critics then protect the Child
Of my weak Brain, tho' full of Notions wild!
And in return, aloud I ſhall proclaim,
Thy glorious Actions and immortal Fame.
How you exalted in your Chair of State,
With awful Silence Tribute from the Great
Command. No bridal Pair can ſpend
A honey-moon, till you are made their
Friend;
Who with your Cornu Copia ſtill attend.

If other Monarchs copy'd after thee,
How bleſt themſelves and Subjects then
wou'd be!
With their own Monarchies they'd reſt
content,
Nor let their Subjects Blood for them be
ſpent.
Of Riches tho' your Subjects cannot boaſt,
Yet happy'r far than thoſe enjoy the moſt.
No Thieves they fear, no irkſome Law-ſuits
know,
No change they dread, let Storms blow high
blow low;

Servants

Servants impertinencies ne'er annoy,
Or anxious Cares, their peace of Mind de-
stroy.
Happy both Sexes, on an humble Bed,
Promiscuous lying, try before they wed:
And if, when marry'd, they shou'd disagree,
No Bishop's Court they want to set them
free.

For them the Farmer toils, and more or less,
Mankind contribute to their happiness.

Oh! blessed Monarch, who thus peaceful
reigns;
Who, by oppressive Taxes, never drains
Your Subjects Coffers, but contented live,
On what so e'er the Rich are pleas'd to
give.
From me this Tribute, sov'reign Leige,
receive,
Design'd to make you smile, when you are
grave.
My little Infant's chat will never let,
Vapours, or Spleen, o'er you dominion get;

His Tales are ſhort, and conſequently ſweet;
You'll ſomething Novel find in every Sheet.
Hear him with candor then, great Sir, ſince he
Means only to divert your MAJESTY.

POEMS

Upon ſeveral Occaſions.

SONGS *and* EPIGRAMS.

An Invitation to a Chriſt'ning.

MY deareſt Friends I now invite,
All you who either read or write,
To my Repaſt, by way of Chriſt'ning,
Where at the door there'll be no liſt'ning;
Therefore you may, with greateſt ſafety,
Indulge all thoughts of love and gaiety.
Goſſips I have ſecured in plenty,
Than uſual more, at leaſt by twenty;
Who, with their kind paternal care,
No trouble or expence will ſpare,
To introduce this new-born Brat,
Who'll pleaſe all thoſe that know *what*'s *what*,

For

For he will prove a waggiſh Urchin,
Juſt like his Father, always lurching,
To find ſome double *quaint Entendre*,
Of the *black-joke*, or *kettle-bender*.
At this Regale, you will ſee no diſh,
But what's intirely new and modiſh;
Where little diſhes will be found,
In great vari'ty to abound.
Each one particular to name,
Is not a part of this my Theme;
But in the bulk, if you will take them,
A lumping penny-worth I'll make them.
T' invite, I know is not ſo fit,
To th' Roaſt, and then to beat with Spit;
But if to come and taſte, you're willing,
Your Club will be a ſplendid Shilling;
The Food is wholeſome, I aſſure you,
And of the Spleen will ſurely cure you:
And as the Cat'rer has well meant it,
Hopes with the Feaſt you'll be contented:
If not, pray ſhun him for the future,
And ſoil no more his Cloth or Pewter.

A HYMN,

A

HYMN,

Or EJACULATION to the

Mighty KING *of* KINGS.

It is good to be Merry and Wise; therefore, my Friends, it will be highly neceſſary to give Praiſe to HIM, *who enabled me to give you this Entertainment, and who gave you the Power and Faculties of being Entertained. But if any of you ſhould think the Grace too long, you may paſs it over and fall to immediately.*

OH thou great Fountain whence all Goodneſs ſprings!
Oh! Thou, the great and mighty KING of Kings!

To

To thee Supreme, alone, I tune my Lays,
To thee, the only Subject of my Praiſe.
Nature, in her minuteſt Works, declares,
Thou art the mover of the heav'nly Spheres;
And that your Hand this pendant World upholds,
Which every Day ſuch Miracles unfolds:
Then who ſo ſtupid, or perverſe can be,
Not to acknowledge thy DIVINITY?
Thy glorious Attributes, which we but know,
By adding up all great Things here below:
But ſuch Alluſions weakly repreſent,
What by the Word, INFINITY, is meant;
For when we do thoſe Things with Thee compare,
Of thy Perfections, oh! how ſhort they are.
Thy vain Reſearches then, weak Man, give o'er,
Nor think thou canſt his great Deſigns explore.
All we ſhou'd do, is only to admire
His wond'rous Works, which every Heart muſt fire

With

With Love, who any ſhare of Reaſon boaſts,
Adoring ſtill the mighty HOST of HOSTS;
Who knows all Things paſt, preſent, and to come,
And ſees hereafter what will be our doom.
Then let us guard againſt that fatal Time,
When we muſt anſwer for each wilful Crime.
Perhaps you'll thus reſolve, within your Mind,
After you have ſome Months or Years aſſign'd
To ſinful ways, for Mercy then to ſue,
And to your brutal Paſſions bid adieu.
Oh! fooliſh Man, thus to procraſtinate!
Or truſt to Chance, a Happineſs ſo great,
As Bliſs eternal; Oh! reflect and think,
That you each Moment ſtand upon the brink
Of fathomleſs Eternity; Oh! dreadful Thought!
To them who think atal, or as they ought.
Conſult your thinking Soul, and there you'll find,
How weak's the Reſolution of your Mind

In

In this, but ſtrong in other vain Purſuits,
Which die away, like thoſe enjoy'd by
Brutes;
What better then art thou, if thus you live,
And your ſhort Time to ſenſual Pleaſures
give?
Then, like the induſtrious HUSBANDMAN,
contrive,
To catch the preſent Seaſon, whilſt alive;
For yours, like his uncertain, will not wait,
But ſtill obey the juſt Decrees of Fate.
This Caſe, if not ſo frequent we behold,
We'd think it ſtrange, much ſtranger when
we're told,
That in a Moment oft we're ſnatch'd away,
Repentance yet poſtpone from Day to Day.
Then leave not to the Mercies of an Hour,
The Purchaſe of an everlaſting Dow'r:
Which is recorded ſure for us above,
If we deſerve it by our filial Love.
A temporary Fortune here, ſhall make,
A Child his Parents wholeſome Counſel
take:

Much

Much more a Fortune laſting ſhou'd prevail,
Which for ten thouſand Ages will not fail.
Guard! Guard againſt that Thief, who Year from Year,
Your Time moſt precious ſteals, of him beware!
Leaſt he, with treacherous and deceitful Smile,
Leaves you a Bankrupt in ſome diſtant Iſle,
Where you'll, in vain, for heav'nly Aid implore;
Condemn'd to Baniſhment for ever more.

Oh, ſtartle at the Thought! and ſtraight begin
A Life of Virtue, free from Guilt or Sin;
A Life that will more ſweet Contentment give,
And real Pleaſures, whilſt on Earth we live.
At firſt within the ſtruggle will be hard,
'Twixt Vice and Virtue; but ſtand on your guard!
And ſoon the falſe Deceiver will reſign
His Power uſurpt, and own a Power Divine.

When

When you this glorious Victory have gain'd,
And for ſome time your virtuous Poſt maintain'd;
How ſweetly then will you your Moments ſpend,
In hopes to meet an everlaſting Friend:
A Friend who can all heav'nly Joy impart,
And with his Speech will cheer thy trembling Heart.

COME THOU MY SON,
WHO DID YOUR TIME EMPLOY
IN VIRTUE, COME,
RECEIVE THY FATHER'S JOY.

A WORD of ADVICE TO THE People of *CHESTER*, Particularly, to the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* thereof, Concerning TRADE.

INTRODUCTION.

PRINTED and Publiſh'd for the Author's Profit,
Humbly expecting to make ſomething of it;
As *deareſt Self*, 'mong all the Patriot Guides,
With public Int'reſt, always coincides.

And

And tho' deſcended from a SENATOR,
(To which no one that knows him can demur)
Is not aſham'd, for ſake of honeſt Gains,
To exerciſe his Hands and ſhallow Brains.

Then hopes you'll mind the Doctrine that he Preaches,
As he himſelf lives up to what he teaches.

A POEM

A

POEM on *CHESTER*.

CHESTER, for thee I tune my Lays,
Whom Truth, I hope, will not diſ-
pleaſe ;
As 'tis for *public* Good intended,
With which the *private* ſtill is blended :
Accept them then ! and leaſt my Song,
Shou'd, like your **Rows*, be dark and long ;
It ſhall reſemble your *Rudee*,
Obvious your Errours all to ſee :
In hopes, by ſecret Incantation,
To work a thorough Reformation.
And if the Bard you'll pleaſe to mark,
Groping no longer in the dark ;

I'll

---

* On each ſide of the Streets of *Cheſter* there are Places for walking, cover'd over head, in the nature of *Piazza's*, which are there call'd *Rows*.

I'll fix up Lights in every *Row*,
Your beſt and ſureſt Way to ſhew;
Hoping * you will ſupport them, more
Than thoſe which were ſet up before.
Two Pence from every Houſe will do it;
A Tax ſo ſmall, ſure none can rue it;
Unleſs they'd always chuſe to live,
Like the contented *Bee* in Hive,
In darkneſs all the Winter, on
The Product of their Summer's Gain.

Firſt then, methinks, it is a pity,
In ſuch a ſtrong and ancient City,
To ſee how dead and poor your Caſe is,
Except in Time of *Fairs* or *Races*.
Thus have I ſeen a ſilent Stream,
So ſmall, it ſcarce deſerv'd a Name,

At

---

* A Gentleman who propoſed to ſtand a Candidate for this City, made a Preſent of a great Number of Lamps in order to enlighten thoſe Walks, which are very dangerous in the Night, by reaſon of many Flights of Stairs; but the City would not be at the Expence of ſupplying them with Oil.

At certain Seaſons of the Year,
A great, and rapid Flood appear,
Is ſometimes high, but often low,
A quiet Ebb, or noiſy Flow:
Or like an intermitting Ague,
The hot Fit will, for ſome time, plague you;
The Blood then boyling in each Vein,
Until it ſoon ſubſides again;
Then runs as low, as high before,
'Till other Fits the Heat reſtore.

Such like Extreams you find in *Cheſter*,
Which may for Age compare with *Neſtor*,
Oh! could I ſay, for Wiſdom too,
Then might your Neighbours envy you:
He, by Experience, Knowledge gain'd;
But what have you from thence obtain'd?
Who ſeem to ſtand in *Statu-quo*,
Juſt as three Hundred Years ago:
The reaſon why is very plain,
Pride always ſpurns induſtrious Gain;
Becauſe it makes *Plebeians* vie,
In Grandeur with *Nobility*.

Then

Then keep ſuch Mortals down you *Gen-try*,
As you have done for many a Cent'ry!
In manner like the Dog in Manger,
Who guards the *Oats* from every *Stranger*;
And ſnarling uſes any Horſe ill,
* Tho he himſelf wont eat one Morſel.

What tho' no City ever flouriſh'd,
Where *Aliens* were not kindly nouriſh'd;
Old *Cheſter* yet three things ſtill boaſts,
Old *Houſes*, *Families*, and old *Toaſts*:
For Ladies here, not one in ten,
But imitate the Gentlemen;
Who will not, tho' they're *rich* and *bonny*,
Trade in the Land of *Matrimony*;
And *Apes* in Hell wou'd rather lead,
Than join with one engag'd in *Trade*;

To

* No Stranger is allow'd to follow any manner of Buſineſs in *Cheſter*, without paying a conſiderable Fine for their Freedom.

To whom 'twou'd give the greateſt Panics,
* To dance with *Merchants* or *Mechanics.*
Then who wou'd Bus'neſs here attempt,
Where Traffic's held in ſuch contempt?

In other parts of this great Iſle,
You ſee how Trade and Bus'neſs ſmile;
Becauſe from *Severn* to the *Tweed*,
Nobles their Sons to *Bus'neſs* breed;
Well knowing Trade of every ſort,
Is *Albion*'s great, and chief Support.

Then ſure the Traders we ſhould deem
Our Friends, and treat them with Eſteem;
Vent'ring their ALL thro' Seas and Lands,
Expos'd to Rocks and dang'rous Sands;
Who truſt a Certainty to Chance,
The Nation's Glory to advance.

* It has been a Rule, time out of mind, that no Merchant or Dealer, tho' in the higheſt Eſteem and Credit, ſhould be admitted into their polite Aſſemblies.

'Tis they ſupport our *Walls* of *Wood*,
And every other *public Good*:
And from their Schools we always levy,
Experienc'd Hands to ſerve the Navy.
Like *Chymiſts*, they ſoon turn and mould
Our Superflu'ties into Gold:
'Tis they adorn the *Bells* and *Beaus*,
And turn them into *Raree-Shews*;
The cold, and torrid *Zones* endure,
To gratify the *Epicure*;
To bring us Med'cines ſalutary,
And gen'rous Wines to make us merry.
Then why ſhou'd we thoſe *Men* deſpiſe,
From whom ſuch Benefits ariſe?
As in the Catalogue of Vices,
Ingratitude the foremoſt riſes.

Rouze up ye *great Ones*, then with ſpirit,
And let your eldeſt Sons inherit
Your Lands! but let your youngeſt Branch,
By *glorious Trade*, their Funds advance!
Then each will vigorouſly drive at
The *public Good*, join'd with the *private*;

And

And find Employment for the *Poor*,
Who ſmiling will attend his door,
With thanks of Joy, when they receive
The juſt Subſiſtence which they crave.
A ſecond *Providence* he'll be
To them, againſt Adverſity.
Thoſe thoughts alone ſhould fire each Mind,
Such ways of *Charity* to find:
As Charity at home begins;
Inſtead of looſing, thus he wins;
Unleſs Miſconduct, or Miſhap,
Shou'd his Deſigns aſpiring ſap.

If thus employ'd ſhou'd be your Caſe,
Fooliſh Diſtinct'ons then wou'd ceaſe,
Of *Whig* and *Tory*; only fit
For thoſe who *Bus'neſs* want, or *Wit*.
No vis'onary Int'reſts then,
Wou'd ſeperate deſigning Men:
All wou'd agree, with one conſent,
To ſend thoſe Men to *Parliament*,
Who did moſt Service to the Nation,
Acting with *Virtue* in their Station.

You who to *Angels* are ally'd,
Take care of falling by your *Pride*!
Ye FAIR, then let me recommend
To you, the *Trader*, as a *Friend*;
Nor think you will your ſelves diſparage,
By joyning Hands with him in Marriage!
More glorious ſure's his Occupation,
* Than the *Men-ſlayers* of the Nation;
As 'tis more God-like Men to ſave,
Than ſend ſo many to the Grave.
Conſtant to you the firſt will ſtand;
The latter leave you at Command,
With Sighs, his Abſence, to lament;
Then late, too late, you will repent.

The Man of Bus'neſs, you are ſure,
Will never leave you for a W——e;
As

* It is to be hoped the Gentlemen of the Army, to whoſe Bravery we are ſo much indebted, will excuſe this Compariſon; as the Author, expecting to raiſe a little Money, by the Publication of this POEM, to anſwer his Exigencies, thought it neceſſary to pleaſe the Majority of the People.

As his Employment keeps his Mind
From *Gallantries* of every kind:
Beſides you will partake the Bleſſing,
Of poor Mens *Wrongs*, or *Wants* redreſſing.

If I have ſaid too much, excuſe,
The friendly Efforts of my Muse.

A SATYR *on* DRUNKARDS.

OH Muse! how ſhall I treat thoſe Wretches,
Who ſquander all within their Clutches?
Who, Chymiſt like, all things tranſmute
To Liquids; much below the Brute.

The Brute, tho' void of Reaſon, drinks
But what will do him good he thinks:
While t'other guzzles Night and Day,
Throwing his Subſtance all away,

On *Ale-Wives*, *Sycophants* and *Pimps*,
And all ſuch curſed *helliſh Imps*:
Still gaping for the fatal *Drench*,
His wicked, endleſs Thirſt to quench.

Methinks I ſee the Dev'l proud,
And triumph in the drunken Crowd;
Whoſe Souls to him are all devoted;
Still deaf to Reaſon, ſtill beſotted.

As Vermin can no quarters hope for,
We'll give as little to the Toper;
Who both do equally deſtroy
Our Subſtance, and our Lives annoy;
What diff'rence then betwixt them both?
Why very little, *Faith* and *Troth*.
Yet ſome there is, the Toper thinks,
Becauſe one eats, and t'other drinks
The hoarded Barley; but what matter,
When loſt, if by the firſt or latter?

Oh Drunkards! wou'd you take advice,
You'd imitate the Rats and Mice;

Who

Who, tho' they hurt the Family,
Will eaſy ſtill, and quiet be.
But when old *Nick* has charg'd with Liquor
Your Bodies, then he holds the Tricker;
And drives at all, both Friends and Foes,
Nor Wife, nor Children mercy ſhews.

If Reaſon were not thrown away,
On you, I'd ſhew the dreadful way
Your Souls and Bodies both are in;
I'd paint that great and deadly Sin.

But I to Blindneſs cou'd give Sight,
And make a Black-a-moor a White;
Much ſooner ſtop the raging Wind,
Than change the biaſs of your Mind.

Go on, thoſe Comforts then enjoy,
Which Fortune, Soul and Health deſtroy.

A PASTORAL ELEGY, *on the much lamented Death of Miſter* ---- BLANEY, *only Son to the Right Honourable the Lord* BLANEY.

PHILLIS.

WHAT makes my COLLIN ſad? ah! ſay,
What ſuddden change is this?
Come let me drive thoſe Cares away,
With one ſweet loving Kiſs.

COLLIN.

! PHILLIS, faireſt of the Fair,
Thy Kiſſes ſweet are vain;
All you can do is now to ſhare,
My Sorrow, Grief and Pain.

PHIL-

PHILLIS.

If ought ſhould ever touch the Heart
Of COLLIN, ſure my Soul,
Of Joy wou'd bear an equal part,
Of Grief wou'd bear the whole.

COLLIN.

Then deareſt Partner of my Woes,
To thee I will unfold,
The cauſe from whence my Sorrow flows,
The ſaddeſt e'er was told.

PHILLIS.

Oh! quickly give it vent, till I
The flowing Grief receive,
For ſooner wou'd I chuſe to die,
Than ſee your Breaſts thus heave.

COLLIN.

Prepare thy tender Heart to hear
This ſad, this diſmal Tale!
The hardeſt Heart muſt drop a Tear,
And our great Loſs bewail.

The Son of our moſt noble Peer,
Who can from Tears refrain?
Is gone! is gone! from whence he'll ne'er
Return to us again.

Oh! cruel Death, where is thy Sting,
Or Grave, thy Victory?
To nip this Bloſſom in the Spring:
But it was Heav'n's Decree.

PHILLIS.

BLANEY dead! that peerleſs Youth,
Ador'd, and lov'd by all;
Made up of Honour, Virtue, Truth,
Strait, Handſome, Young and Tall.

Oft have we danc'd on yonder Green,
To his ſweet warbling Strains;
Where nought but Joy and Mirth was ſeen,
Amidſt the Nimphs and Swains.

Betwixt each Dance, his ſprightly Wit,
For witty ſure was he,

Wou'd

Wou'd put us in a laughing fit,
Till Woods rung with our glee.

But he, alaſs! like early Fruit,
Soon ripen'd, ſoon decay'd:
Too quick the Sap roſe from the Root,
And his deſires obey'd.

COLLIN.

My Heart bleeds inwardly to think,
How our moſt worthy Lord,
Will under his Afflictions ſink:
Oh Virtue thy Reward!

PHILLIS.

Ah! COLLIN, we but little know,
The ſecret turns of Fate;
Why Virtue's puniſh'd oft below,
And Vice oft rides in State.

Afflictions often Bleſſings prove,
And Bleſſings are revers'd;
So order'd by the Powers above,
To comfort the Oppreſs'd.

We thro' a falſe deluſive Glaſs,
All worldly Pleaſures ſee;
Which, like the Moments, quickly paſs,
Unlike my Love for thee.

Our noble Shepherd always taught,
A Reſignation ſtill,
From Reaſon and Religion brought,
To Heav'n's Almighty Will.

His Life and Doctrine are the ſame,
Then, ſure ſo good a Man,
Will never murmur or complain,
Of Life's uncertain ſpan.

COLLIN.

The Reaſons, PHILLIS, you aſſign,
Have ſet my Heart at reſt;
Then let's to Heav'n our ſelves reſign,
Who knows for us what's beſt.

PHIL-

PHILLIS.

Shou'd I a favourite Lambkin loſe,
The Loſs, tho' great, I'd bear;
Nor Heav'nly Juſtice wou'd accuſe,
Nor even ſhed a Tear.

COLLIN.

Were I to loſe my PHILLIS too,
Shou'd ſhe her borrow'd Life reſtore,
Unmov'd I'd take my laſt adieu,
In hopes to meet, to part no more.

The

The Author *being the firſt who propoſed to have a* Summer Entertainment *here, in the nature of a* Vaux-hall; *and finding his* Scheme, *which he had communicated to ſeveral Friends, put in Execution by Doctor* M---s, *with the* public Fund, *intended for the ſupport of a* Lying-in-Hoſpital, *and being juſtly piqued upon that Occaſion, writ the following* Poem.

A POEM *on the* NEW GARDENS *and* LYING-IN-HOSPITAL, *adjoining* Brittain-Street.

REJOICE with me ye wanton Laſſes!
The Doctor's Scheme, all Schemes ſurpaſſes:
For Bellies rais'd by pleaſing ſport,
By Pleaſure is to find ſupport.

On

On *Moſſy* Banks reclin'd, we may,
With ſafety, *bill*, both Night and Day:
For, if *miſ-hap* ſhould us befall,
The *Doctor*'s ready, at a call;
Who, *gratis*, will exert his Art,
And eaſe to lab'ring Dames impart.
As Virtue is its own reward,
No other *Fee* he does regard,
Except the *handling of a* ——
Or *fingering the public Money.*

Reſound *Great Brittain-Street*, reſound,
His praiſes from your higheſt Ground!
Let Trumpets, led by Segnior *Putti*,
With loud acclaim, obſerve each * *Tutti!*

Oh may the *Doctor* live for ever,
And throw great *Malb'rough* in the River,

What

---

* The Word *Tutti*, in Muſic, ſignifies, that all the Inſtruments are to play as loud as poſſible.

What, tho' his Army does conſiſt,
Of Forces regular on the Liſt,*
The *Doctor* yet, with Hands diſbanded,
But by a Foreigner commanded,
Shall bravely ſtand each bold attack,
And throw him quite upon his back.

The Laſſes ſpoke as they wou'd have it,
But *Malb'rough* enters now his caveat;
And ſays, *he will his right maintain,*
Supported by a virtuous Train,
Who always did adorn his Green,
With modeſt ſtep, and graceful mein.
No tripping Dames he e'er will harbour,
In private Walk, or loanſome Arbour:
Nor will he bubble any Nation,
Upon a Charity Foundation.

Oh!

* The beſt Muſicians in *Dublin*, particularly his Majeſty's Band, highly reſenting the *Doctor*'s making choice of a Foreigner to conduct his Muſic, would not Perform for him, but entered into an Aſſociation to oppoſe him, and took Malborough Bowling-Green for that purpoſe.

Oh! *Charity*, thou ſweet deluder,
To introduce a new Intruder,
Upon our legal rights of Pleaſure,
A Man who knows nor time, nor meaſure!
A proper Perſon to command,
Or to conduct a ſcraping Band:
But *Charity* he thinks will hide
All faults, and errors, on their ſide.

Lamps may abound in his *Vaux-hall*,
But * FRED'RICK LAMP out ſhines them all:
'Tis true, he will have Vocal Muſic,
But ſuch as wou'd make *Turk* or *Jew* ſick.
I mean, *poor Infants yells and cries,*
And Women groaning in diſguiſe.
When they together join in Chorus,
Singing the Praiſe of *Doctor Dorus*;
Their Voices will be heard much higher,
Than *ſqueaking Pig*, or *Judge*'s *Crier*:

And

---

* The Muſic in *Malborough* Bowling-Green, was under the Conduct of Mr. FREDERICK LAMP, eminent for his muſical Compoſitions.

And for a *ſoft Piano part*,
Each *ſilent Flute* will ſhew its art.

Methinks it muſt be pleaſing ſport,
To ſee the *Beaus* and *Belles* reſort
A place for Women lying-in,
Where only Midwives ſhou'd be ſeen.

The *Nimphs* enrag'd to hear ſuch chat,
Reſolv'd to give him Tit for Tat:
And ſaid, the *Doctor* ſoon wou'd make him,
Spend fifteen hundred Pounds, or break him:
For ſure he may run any riſque,
With *public Money* for a Friſk:
And, therefore, is reſolv'd to try it,
As he can be no loſer by it.

How this Diſpute will end, who knows?
Who? but the *fair Ones*, and the *Beaus*.

A POEM

A POEM *on Mrs.* FLORENCE N---B---H'S *ſafe Recovery out of Child-bed.*

YE Birds that hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Now tir'd with little am'rous Play,
Extend your warbling Throats!
Welcome ſweet *Flora*'s ſafe return,
From oozy Bed, and wint'ry Storm,
With all your ſprightly Notes.

Exulting PHŒBUS now adorn,
With dancing Rays the ſpangl'd Morn,
As ſhe approaches near;
Tulips unfold your various Charms,
And welcome her with open Arms,
The Glory of the Year.

Ye finny Brood with pleaſure peep,
And throw in dimpl'd ſmiles the Deep,
To view this heav'nly Queen!

And

And all ye Pools to Mirrours chang'd,
Reflect her native Beauties rang'd,
Thro' the enamell'd Green.

Ye Graces lead the dancing Hours!
Let Nature's Pencil paint the Flow'rs,
For FLORA Queen of *May!*
Let Groves their greeneſt Liv'ries wear!
And Nature in her Pomp appear,
To crown each glorious Day.

Let VENUS with her milk-white Doves,
And all her little ſmiling Loves,
This Carnival attend!
And thou, the God of ſoft Deſire,
Full fraught with Darts and genial Fire,
On ZEPHIR's Wings deſcend!

She opens Nature's every Pore,
Clos'd up by Avarice before,
To feed the hungry Poor:
The pleaſing Taſk thus o'er, ſhe flies,
Aſcending thro' the ſtary Skies,
And enters Heav'n's bright Door.

As the generality of Authors look upon no Perſon worthy of a Panegyrick, *unleſs he fills ſome high Station, or is poſſeſſed of a very great Fortune, not conſidering,* that a Diamond, tho' in the Hands of a Plebeian, has the ſame intrinſic Value, as if poſſeſſed by a Prince. *The* Author, *therefore, has uſed his beſt endeavours to blazon out thoſe Virtues in the following Gentlemen, which are not frequently met with among others of the ſame Stations in Life, and which he knows them to be truely poſſeſſed of.*

To Amb---e H----d----n, *Eſq;*

TO thee, the Widow's and the Orphan's Friend,
This tributary Lay the Muses ſend:

Tho'

Tho' bleſt *Aſtrea* from *Hibernia*'s fled,
There ſtill remains a *H—d—n* in her ſtead:
In whom the antient *Roman* Candour ſhines,
Preferring Deeds humane to golden Mines.
Oh cou'd thy *Virtue*, like ſome friendly Star,
Shed its kind Influ'nce on the *venal Bar!* *
Chicane wou'd then no ſubtile Points obtain;
Fortune wou'd be the ſlave, and *Merit* reign:
But, ah! — by different Springs from you they move;
Theirs, *luſt of Pelf*; Yours, *univerſal Love.*

Then, from the Hand of Heav'n, may you receive,
Fees, that will laſt beyond the gloomy Grave.

An

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* It is humbly to be hoped, that the Gentlemen of the Law, to whoſe Oratory, Care and Diligence, we are ſo much indebted, and among whom there are, undoubtedly, many Gentlemen of great Worth and Honour, will not be offended at any Expreſſion in this, or the following Encomium, as ſuch Reflections have been always looked upon in a humourous Light.

An EPITHALAMIUM *on the Union of Mr.* BRADY *and Miſs* PARROT.

HYMEN your brighteſt Torch light up!
And let each Nimph her Garland wear!
Let BACCHUS fill the roſy Cup!
To hail this bleſt, this happy PAIR.

How ſweetly muſt their Moments glide,
Whoſe Souls blaze up with equal fire!
He bleſt with ſuch a virtuous Bride;
She with a Man whom all admire.

Methinks I ſee each circling Year,
Add to their Wealth and Progeny:
His Head for Buſ'neſs ſtill ſo clear.
Her's to conduct the Family.

In his Profeſſion, oh! how hard,
With Honeſty it is to meet;
A BRADY then we ſhou'd regard,
And as an *Avis rara* greet.

The Man oppreſs'd with tedious Suits,
In him will quickly find redreſs;
Who'll ſhorten, not prolong Diſputes,
Nor Clients, with delay, oppreſs.

Fortune is ſometimes juſt we find;
In him an inſtance ſhe has giv'n;
Rewarding ſuch a virtuous Mind,
With one on Earth will make a Heav'n.

That Heav'n on Earth may they enjoy,
Till Life, by Age, a burthen prove;
Then gladly quit the irkſome Toy,
To mingle with the Bleſs'd above.

To A--TH--R N---B---GH, *Eſq;*

TO ſing thy praiſe, my beſt of Friends,
the MUSE,
Her kind Aſſiſtance ſure will not refuſe.
Thy many Virtues ſo conſpicuous ſhine,
That they require APOLLO, and the NINE:
With their united Influencies, then,
I may, perhaps, deſcribe the beſt of Men.
A Man by all admir'd, by all ador'd;
E'ven from the Peaſant to the higheſt Lord.
Still ready to befriend all in diſtreſs,
To chear their Hearts, and make their bur-
then leſs.
With winning mildneſs, and a temper
ſweet,
You charm, and gain the Hearts of all you
meet.
To you, tho' numbers, by Petition, pray,
You never ſend one aking Heart away.

Oh! wou'd all thoſe in *public Truſts*, like you,
'Stead of their *own*, the *common Good* purſue;
Each well concerted Scheme wou'd then ſucceed,
Nor over them ſhou'd we Inſpecters need.
How vain that wiſh! for cou'd I live to ſee
But one, like you, immortal then I'd be.
Shou'd poor Mens pray'rs, and bleſſings, here take place,
You'd likewiſe have of Life as long a Leaſe.
But if the Fates are deaf to all their cries,
Another Phœnix may from you ariſe.
This we may promiſe, ſhou'd kind Heav'n but ſpare
To us, that hopeful Youth, your Son and Heir:
Who in your *foot-ſteps* cloſely ſeems to tread;
To Goodneſs prone, by thy example led.
This Thought, to all, great Comfort ſhou'd impart,
That when transfix'd by Death's unerring Dart,
You may beqeuath to us your Counter-part.

To

To Mr. F----s S----TH, *Jeweller.*

TO you, dear *Frank*, thoſe lines I ſend to ſhew,
What Obligations to your Worth I owe:
Small's the Return, yet more than you deſire;
Such noble Sentiments your Heart inſpire.
Noble I ſay; for true Nobility,
Conſiſts in Virtues, all poſſeſs'd by thee.

Tho' you with Jewels of all kinds abound,
In your moſt gen'rous Soul more Worth is found;
Which with ſuch luſtre glows on all your Friends;
Thoſe pleaſe their Sight, but this ſerves all their Ends.
Whilſt others aim at City-Honours, you
May reſt content, ſince they are all your due.

No *purple Gown* you want, nor *golden Chain*;
Thoſe ſuperficial Honours you diſdain:
Such Pag'antries of Pomp may ſuit with thoſe,
Who can't ſuch inward Worth as thine diſcloſe.
May Fortune ſtill prolong her Smiles on thee!
For thus ſhe chuſes to be kind to me.

A PROLOGUE *intended for Mrs.* WOFFINGTON, *by way of Apology for ſome raſh Expreſſions ſhe made uſe of the Night of the great Riot in the Play-Houſe.*

TO you, kind Gentlemen, in Pit and Gall'ry,
I now addreſs my ſelf, by way of rall'ry;
In hopes to lay that angry *ſwelling Tumour*,
My Tongue has rais'd, by ſprightly Wit and Humour:

'Tis

'Tis true! I call'd you Ruffi'ns; and no wonder!
When you began our ſecret Parts to plünder:
When I beheld your Rap'ers drawn around,
Sure 'twas enough my Senſes to confound.
In ſuch Confuſion, who cou'd blame poor *Peg*
To vent her Spleen 'gainſt thoſe who ſaw her beg
In vain, for Mercy! what cou'd ſhe do then,
But draw her keeneſt Weapon on ſuch Men?
And ſhall that Tongue, which oft has Raptures giv'n,
For one raſh Word, from hence be ever driv'n?

Pray let me aſk you Men of Life and Spirit!
Can you be angry, when from us you merit
The vileſt Names? when by ſome wicked Plot,
You put our Sex in fear of —— *you know what?*

Sure he muſt be, in ſhape of Man, a Capon!
Who wou'd reſent a Woman's only weapon.

And ſince I was of *ſomething* much afraid,
Forgive the Sallies of a fright'n'd Maid,
And *Clap* me, Gentlemen, for what I ſaid.

An EPILOGUE *intended for* TALBOT EDGWORTH, *Eſq; who promiſed to appear on the Stage for a Friend's Benefit.*

LADIES and Gentlemen, I'm come to ſhew,
In proper Perſon, *Edgworth* call'd the *Beau.*
Survey him every *Inch*, and tell me where
You'll find a Man of ſuch a ſhape and air!
Oft has he drawn his *Rapier* to defend
An injur'd Lady, or an abſent Friend:

In

In ſuch a glorious Cauſe, my willing Sword
Wou'd, of its ſelf, fly at the greateſt Lord.
Your Champion, Ladies, then you will reward;
Crying, with pretty tone of Voice, Oh Lard!
No Woman ſure, tho' e'er ſo virtuous, can
Refuſe a Favour to ſo brave a Man.

Well! faith, methinks it is a wond'rous pity,
There are no more ſuch Fellows in this City:
To make amends, to me kind Nature gave
What is ſufficient, many Lives to ſave.
Deſpair not then, my pretty Nymphs, for I
Will ſpend my Blood's laſt drop before you'd die.

You ſprightly Beaus, who now before me ſit,
And think yourſelves the Heroes of the Pit;
Pray let me aſk you, what you'd give to be,
In all reſpects, form'd for the Fair, like me?

Well, faith, I can't but laugh, to ſee each Fop,
By aping me, ſtrive others to out-top:
To ſee them vainly all their arts employ,
To hit off TALBOT EDGWORTH's *Jainſe quoy.*

Methinks I hear you cry, the Man is mad;
Why, you may think ſo if you pleaſe, Igad:
But try my Intellects 'fore you condemn me,
If not, I ſay, 'tis very cruel, dem me.*

To hang a Man, Oh ſtrange! and try him after:
Such Juſtice ſure, wou'd make one die with laughter.

A POEM

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* He was provided for in *Bedlam*, without the leaſt enquiry to know if he had Merit enough to entitle him to any Preferment in that Place.

A POEM *upon a Lady's deſiring the Author to ſend a Crock that ſhe might fill it with Beef for him.*

MADAM, I've ſent an empty Crock,
The Emblem of unhappy *Pock*;
The Beef with which you'll pleaſe to fill it,
He firſt will eat, and then * Diſtill it;
The true Quinteſcence of it then,
May thus return to you again.

* The Author for ſome time amuſed himſelf with a Still; and this Lady was merry with him upon that occaſion, and ſaid he made uſe of Excrements in his Diſtillation.

Another to the ſame Lady, after the Author had eat ſome part of the Beef ſhe ſent him.

MADAM, the Joy you give's ſo great,
My Happineſs I muſt relate:

I know it's wrong, when one fares well,
To cry roaſt Meat, or boil'd, and tell;
But ſuch the pleaſure is, that I
Muſt quickly make it known, or die:
With Raptures how I ſtick my Knife,
Oft in your *Beef*, to ſave my Life:
The Juice that ſprings from ev'ry prod
Of Fork, wou'd even tempt a God.
Methinks the Deities I ſee
Look down, with envious Eyes, on me:
And gladly wou'd be on a level,
Amidſt your Favours thus to revel.

A POEM *of Thanks to a Lady, who ſent the Author a Preſent of Syder and Bacon.*

THIS comes to thank my lovely Couſin,
For Syder, I receiv'd a dozen,
Excepting one, by chance, was broken,
Juſt at your door, by the ſame token.

Were

Were I a ~~*Biſhop,*~~ Jewiſh *Prieſt* or *Deacon,*
My *Inſtrument* ſhou'd pierce your *Bacon*;
The very Thought gives rapt'rous Pleaſure,
How I'll indulge then without meaſure!

Satan, they ſay, once enter'd *Swine*,
But tho' the *old Boy* enter'd *thine*,
My Knife I'll notwithſtanding ſtick,
In your *ſweet Bacon*, to the *quick*:
And tho' he ſtood e'en at the door,
A Belly-full I wou'd ſecure.
But leaſt my Rapſody might ſhock,
I ſtill conclude your thankful *Pock*.

A POEM, *occaſioned by Miſtreſs* C——, *alias* C——, *making a Preſent of a Pencil to Mr.* P——.

A Sprightly Lady gave a Bard,
Seven Inches of good meaſure;
And in return 'tis very hard,
If he can't give her Pleaſure.

The

The charitable Nymph well knew
His Wants, therefore ſupply'd 'm;
Then ſure he'll give her *meaſure* true,
At leaſt, what e'er betide him.

The Preſent now is in his Hand,
To tickle up her Fancy;
And in that place ſhall often ſtand,
To pleaſe his charming *Nancy*.

Her maiden and her marry'd Name,
Do both begin with *C*;
The Preſent and the Poet's Name,
Begin with Letter *P*.

Then double *P*, and double *C*,
How ſweetly do they chime;
When e'er they meet, they're ſtill you ſee,
To one another Rhime.

A LAMEN-

A LAMENTATION.

To the Tune of, Lough-Abber.

POOR *IRELAND* lament your unfortunate Caſe,
Where Tenants depend on a *thirty Years Leaſe*;
And when they have laid out their Subſtance on Land,
Muſt quit it to make their dear Landlords more grand;
Or elſe pay for all the Improvements they made,
By Building or Planting, by the Plough or the Spade:
Which makes us with Mountains and Bogs thus abound;
Where nothing but Heather or Moſs can be found.

Did

Did we hold our Lands, like the *Engliſh*, in ſpite
Of our cruel Landlords, 'twou'd ſurely be right:
But we were all born to be Slaves to the Great,
Who ride on the Backs of their Tenants in State.
To ſee them oppreſs us with hard duty Work,
Wou'd move with Compaſſion the Heart of a Turk;
And if there ſhou'd prove but one good Harveſt Day,
From our little Corn we muſt all fly away.

Tho' we have no more to ſupport us that Year,
Except ſome Potatoes, or ſuch hungry Chear;
Whilſt they are carouſing o'er their flowing Bowls,
Regardleſs of Tenants, or poor needy Souls.

But

But how will they anſwer at the great Judgment Seat,
For racking the Poor at ſo curſed a rate?
For Mercy they'll cry, but no Mercy will find;
As they were moſt cruel, they'll be paid in their kind.

To ſee a poor Creature pay for his fire-ſide,
As much as thoſe Men, who in Chariots do ride;
And if he has only one Blanket or Pot,
They're ſtreight whipt away, tho' he's not worth a Groat.
And that they may rowl in their Coaches with eaſe,
By the ſix days Work, we muſt mend all their Ways:
Tho' they know full well that our Labour is all,
That we have to anſwer our Wants, and their Call.

But how can we hope to be ever redreſt?
For we muſt expect to be always oppreſt;
Whilſt none but the Rich are allow'd to make Laws,
Who, in City or Country, are perfect Baſhaws:
For Liberty now is become a mere jeſt,
Since they will the faireſt Elections conteſt;
But we were to blame for electing ſuch Men;
And ſure we are mad if we do it again.

A SONG.

Tune, Old Sir *Simon* the King.

COME all you true *Britains* attend,
And liſten a while to my Song!
That you may be told by a Friend,
What ſurely will happen e'er long.

If *Mammon*'s the God we adore,
And worſhip with blind Adoration;
Then thoſe who abound moſt in Store
Of Wealth, muſt command the whole
Nation.

If ſo, then without any ſpirit
Of Prophecy, you may foreſee,
That *Infidel Jews* will inherit
Your Lands, if they are made Free:
For *Satan* will ever prove kind,
To thoſe who our SAVIOUR deny'd,
And with him ſo friendly combin'd,
That CHRIST ſhou'd be *Crucify'd*.

By naturalizing thoſe Men,
Whom all Chriſtian Princes abuſe,
The K—g of *G—t B—n* muſt then,
Be ſtil'd the *King of the Jews*:
The *High Prieſt* already he is,
By whom ev'ry *Biſhop*'s appointed,
Then why ſhould we think it amiſs,
Like *Aaron*, in caſe he's anointed?

Then

Then He, with his magical Rod,
Shall ſwallow the *Jacobite* Crew,
To ſhew that his Power's from GOD,
As *Moſes* prov'd his to be true:
But when he has done what he can,
To pleaſe a *ſtiff-neck'd* Generation,
Perhaps they'll Rebel to a Man,
By *Murder* or *Uſurpation.*

For all holy Covenants were,
But handles for Faction and Strife;
Then of Covenanters beware!
Or elſe it may coſt you your Life!
For tho' you ſhou'd give them the Land,
Abounding with *Bread*, *Milk* and *Honey*;
They'd ſpurn your generous Hand,
And go to the Devil for Money.

Then all you Law-givers take care,
Without any kind of deriſion!
Elſe you, or your Sons muſt prepare,
To undergo *Circumciſion:*
Already there's half the Nation,
As great *Unbelievers* as *Jews*,

And

And want only that Operation,
To join with the World's refuſe.

This warning if you diſregard,
Perhaps you'll repent, when too late;
And meet with the cruel Reward,
Of *Shachem* and *Hamer*'s Fate;
Who giving a kind Invitation,
For *Jacob* to dwell in their Lands,
His Sons took the firſt Occaſion,
By *Murder* to break thro' all *Bands*.

The King, that he might reconcile
His People, by Gold that bewitches,
Aſſur'd them, in our preſent Stile,
Thoſe People abounded in Riches:
That they wou'd their Oxen remove,
And Chattels of every Kind;
Which to them and advantage muſt prove;
Thus they to their Ruin were blind.

Sure none in their Senſes wou'd take,
That viperly Brood in their Boſom,
Whoſe

Whoſe Fathers no Scruples wou'd make,
To kill their beſt Friends, or abuſe them,
When able, they'll ſurely oppoſe us,
For nothing will ever content them,
Who murmer'd at GOD and at *Moſes*,
Tho' *Manna* from Heav'n was ſent them.

Then all ye Free-born Electors,
Be careful of thoſe whom you chuſe!
Be ſure that they'll be your Protectors,
From *Infidels*, *Turks*, and from *Jews*!
Let nothing e'er tempt you to vote,
For wicked *ſelf-int'reſted* Men,
Who'd ſell their beſt Friends for a *Groat*,
To which let us all ſay, *Amen*.

A SONG;

A SONG ; *or, a True* ACCOUNT *of a Party of Pleaſure in the* North, *of which Mr.* MADDEN *was the chief Promoter.*

Tune, A Begging we will go, *&c.*

COME all you Lads and Laſſes,
Let's ſing a merry Song,
For we will ſing, and Life enjoy,
While *Madden*'s in the Throng.
And a Madding we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a Madding we will go.

We'll go to *Clowniſh* Races,
To ſee what Sport is there,
And meet the fair *K——t*,
A Lady Debonnair.
And a Madding, &c.

For

For when this Lady is inclin'd,
A Colonel to attack,
She firſt throws off her Petticoat,
Then throws him on his Back.*
And a Madding, &c.

From *Clowniſh* then we'll drive away
To ſweet *Knock Bellymore*,
Where we will laugh, and ſing, and quaff,
And friſk about, and roar.
And a Madding, &c.

Belturbett next ſhall be the ſcene,
And place of Rendezvous,
Where *Madden* loſt an Eye almoſt,
By drinking too much Booz.
And a Madding, &c.

By

* A Gentleman in Company, whom the King had honoured with a Regiment, preſſed Lady *K——t* to be his Partner in a Country Dance, and as both were pretty well match'd in point of Corpulency, her Ladyſhip, by throwing off a heavy embroider'd Petticoat, ſoon obliged the Colonel to ſue for Quarters,

By Water then we'll ſteer our Courſe,
To ſee *Knockninny* Mount,
Where every Laſs, upon the Graſs,
May kiſs her happy Count.
And a Madding, &c.

Then after that we'll take a Tour,
And at the *Barracks* call,
Where all the Nymphs muſt ſtand a ſhot
Of Cannon, charg'd with Ball.
And a Madding, &c.

But leaſt our Girls ſhou'd be *fir'd*
By red Coats, we'll retire,
To Colonel *N——b——b*'s Cittadel,
That's always ſafe from Fire.
And a Madding, &c.

And when we get to *Ballybaiſe*,
Our Senſes all we'll Feaſt,
We'll trip thro' Groves and flow'ry Lawns,
And every Pleaſure taſte.
And a Madding, &c.

Then

Then as we walk in Pairs, and view
The pretty Turle Doves,
Like them we'll Bill, like them we'll Coo,
Like them enjoy our Loves.
And a Madding, &c.

And when we e'er ſhould ſtupid grow,
For want of ſweet Repoſe,
Then ſome of us will go to Cards,
And ſome will go to Doze.
And a Dozing, &c.

But when we have recovered
Our Spirits freſh and gay,
We'll drive along to *Madden*'s Court,
And dance both Night and Day.
And a Madding, &c.

And where our giddy Freaks ſhall end,
The Lord Almighty knows,

For

For we will fly and drive about,
With every Wind that blows.

For a Madding we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
For a Madding we will go.

A SONG, *occaſioned by the* Author's *ſetting up as* Candidate *for the County of* Monaghan, *when he had run through a great part of his Fortune, in oppoſition to Ald—n* D---n, *who had accumulated a very large Fortune.*

Tune, Come brave Boys, *&c.*

COME Gentlemen Clergy and Freeholders,
Of the County of *Monaghan*,
Raiſe a *Poekrich* on your Shoulders,
As you once before have done.

If a *D——n* ſhou'd oppoſe you,
With his ſwelling bags of Gold,
And a purſe of Tempters throws you,
Tell him you'll ne'er be ſold.

What tho' he always on the lurch is,
Aiming at your Property,
Your dirty Acres let him purchaſe,
But your Souls keep ever free.

Oh! think of him who fairly ventur'd
Life and Fortune for your ſakes!
In his Son, let all your Hearts be center'd,
Tho' he ſuffer'd by his Freaks.

The cry will be, that he wants Money,
And for that betray his Truſt;
But ſure there is not one among ye,
Can ſay he ever was unjuſt.

Let not ſuch idle Fears alarm you,
Rather guard againſt the Great,

Who

Who are ſtriving to diſarm you,
And ride on your Backs in State.

The Rich will *ſell* you to be *Knighted*,
And the *Knight* to be a *Lord*;
By whom you ſurely will be ſlighted,
And *Suff'ring* will be your reward.

Then keep your ſelves ſtill independant,
Nor by Fortune biaſs'd be;
Or elſe, you ſurely may depend on't,
You will live in *Slavery*.

To *Mammon* bravely bid defiance,
Nor regard his angry Nod!
For who wou'd put the leaſt Reliance,
In that baſe unrighteous God.

Let others hoard up ſordid Riches,
Which to them prove but a clog:
'Tis better to have empty Breeches,
Than be call'd the *Miller*'s *Dog*.

Then as your Fathers all before you,
Bravely fought for Liberty;
Every Perſon will adore you,
While you keep Elections free.

As the following SONG *does not reflect upon any particular Gentleman, who happened to be of the* Court-Party, *the* Author, *knowing ſeveral of them to be Men of too much Worth and Honour to betray their native Country, even if they had not ſuch conſiderable Stakes in it; unleſs their Reaſon ſhould happen to be miſlead by an* Ignis Fatuus, *or a* Will-O'th'wiſp.

And, as the oppoſite Party, *undoubtedly, acted, according to their Belief,*

on

on Principles *of* PATRIOTISM; *the* Author *thinks they ought to be Recorded, like thoſe who ſuffered* Martyrdom *for their Religion, whether true or falſe: He, therefore, humbly hopes, no one will take Umbrage at his inſerting a* Song, *which will not only help to fill up his Book, but, likewiſe, may be the means of making it go better off.*

Tune, Which no body can deny.

GIVE me a Draught of the *Helicon* Spring,
To drink to thoſe WORTHIES, and PATRIOTS to ſing,
Of whom all our Nation ſo loudly does ring.
Which no body can deny, deny,
Which no body can deny.

The Lord of *KILDARE* firſt merits our Praiſe,
Whom we ſhou'd commemorate in deathleſs Lays,
For Virtues, which like the bright *Galaxy* blaze. *Which no body can deny*, &c.

Virtues, deſcended to him from a Race
Of HERO'S, who always our Annals will grace.
Who'd ne'er *ſell* their Country for *Penſion*, or *Place*. *Which no body can deny*, &c.

The noble Lord *CARRICK* immortal ſhall be,
Who 'n ſpite of *C—t Favours* will always be Free,
And ſtand by the *Hundred and twenty three*.
Which no body can deny, &c.

For Thee, GLORIOUS SPEAKER, call'd *ROGER* by ſome,
The Trumpets ſhall ſound, and we'll beat ev'ry Drum,
Who made *IRELAND*'s *Foes* look ſo damnable glum.
Which no body can deny, &c.

HIBER-

HIBERNIA the old *Roman* Spirit
can boaſt,
Where GLORIOUS LIBERTY ſtill keep
its Poſt,
Tho' often attack'd from a neighbouring
Coaſt.
Which no body can deny, &c.

In vain they are ſtriving by each artful
Wile,
To ſpread their *Corruption* thro' our HOLY
ISLE,
But inſtead of St. *Patrick*, we now have a
BOYLE.
Which no body can deny, &c.

No! no! let *Ambition* to *Brib'ry* yield!
True Honour will ever, to us, be a Shield,
And Tongues cutting keen, like a Razor
well ſteel'd.
Which no body can deny, &c.

There's Sir *RICHARD COX*, and his
Name-ſake *MALONE*,
In every Contention can handle the Bone,
And make their Antagoniſts diſmally groan.
Which no body can deny, &c.

Come let us be merry, drink, laugh and
carouſe,
Rememb'ring *HAMILTON* and his
fair SPOUSE,
Whoſe virtuous Example our Spirits ſhou'd
rouze.
Which no body can deny, &c.

There's *ROTCHFORD*, the CHAIR-
MAN, why wou'd we forget?
Who juſtly will make every Man pay his
Debt,
And, like a good Pointer, he made the firſt
Set.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The

The Game being ſtarted, he ſtanchly purſu'd
A ſly ſcheming *Reynard*, 'till he was ſubdu'd,
Who cry'd out PECCAVI, and for Mercy ſu'd.
Which no body can deny, &c.

Numberleſs Stratagems, and artful Tricks,
Were us'd by thoſe Maſters in deep Politicks,
But they were play'd off by the 'bove mention'd *DICKS*.
Which no body can deny, &c.

There were many Sports-Men of Honour and Fame,
Diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in purſuit of the Game,
Whom the MUSE, being ſcanty of room, cannot name.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Ambition of *Levi*'s *Succeſſors* remains,
Who ſtill are deſirous of holding the Reins,
And ne'er think of ought, but encreaſing their Gains.
Which no body can deny, &c.

For *Prieſt-craft*, and *Liberty* ne'er cou'd agree,
As the former wou'd never let Mankind be free,
But we ſhall be ſo, *ROGER*, whilſt we have Thee.
Which no body can deny, &c.

There's *COLE* of the true *Enniſkilliner* breed,
Like a Cock of the Game for his Coun ry wou'd bleed,
Who the Houſe of a *aſthmatick Courtier* ſoon freed.
Which no body can deny, &c.

Let

Let all Men, hereafter, by theſe Preſents, know,
That *Cavan* one Member that's ſound ſtill can ſhew,
Who to *IRELAND* will ne'er prove a *Traytor*, or *Foe*.
Which no body can deny, &c.

There's *CREIGHTON* who zealouſly ſtood by the Cauſe,
Deſerves from his Country the higheſt Applauſe,
For guarding our LIBERTY, TREASURE and LAWS.
Which no body can deny, &c.

All you who have prov'd to your Country unjuſt,
Of eating its Bread, think no longer you muſt,
For the MASTER OF ROLLS will not give you a CRUST.
Which no body can deny, &c.

Then

Then, prithee, dear Friends, of Advice
take a piece!
Ne'er let any *Fox* be a guard to your Geese!
But drive thoſe away, who your Country
wou'd Fleece.
Which no body can deny, &c.

'Tis a pity our *V—roy* ſhou'd thus miſs
his Aim,
Who thought to ſecure to his *Maſter* the
Cream,
But, alaſs! all his Hopes ended in a *Gold
Dream.*
Which no body can deny, &c.

Then here's to thoſe WORTHIES of
noble Deſcent,
Who 'n ſpite of what ever ſhou'd be the
Event,
Ne'er bubbl'd wou'd be with the *previous
Conſent.*
Which no body can deny, &c.

A FREE-

A FREE-MASON SONG.

Tune, *Let Ambition fire thy Mind.*

GLORIOUS Sons of Masonry,
How can we too much adore,
Our Sacred Art and Mystery,
Which will ſtand for ever more?

Let the Fool our Craft deſpiſe,
Laugh at what he can't obtain,
Who with dark and hood-wink'd Eyes,
Reaſon's Light ſtill ſeeks in vain.

We whoſe Minds enlighten'd are,
Social Joys and Virtues boaſt;
Still inclin'd what's good to ſhare,
With the Man who wants it moſt.

All

All that's noble, juſt, and good,
Which inſpires the Soul of Man,
By MASONRY is underſtood;
Subſiſting ſince the World began.

Scepter'd Kings have laid aſide
All their Pomp, and quit their Throne,
By a MASON to be try'd,
Proud to be acknowledg'd ONE.

Hand united thus to Hand,
Of our Love an Emblem ſhews;
By each other thus we ſtand,
Firm againſt invading Foes.

The Author, *having courted a Widow, with Succeſs, by means of the following* Song, *thought proper to publiſh it for the benefit of ſuch adventurous Heroes,*

"*Who willing are to take their Stand,*
"*Upon a Widow's jointure Land.*"

Tune, *Chou, chou, cherry chou,* &c.

HE.

WIDOW, you Jade, if you'll Marry me,
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
Three times *a Night* well *tickl'd* you ſhall be.*
With my Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

SHE.

Three times a Night well tickl'd you ſhall be.

* As theſe Words, *Three times a Night,* may, by a Great many, be miſunderſtood; leaſt the fair Sex ſhould

SHE.

Dick, you Dog, if that be true,
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
Over the World I will follow you.
With my Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

HE.

Widow, you Jade, if you make any doubt,
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
Before we are marry'd I'll give you a bout.
With my Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

SHE.

ſhould be hereafter deceived by any ſpecious Promiſe of this kind; it is proper to let them know that, *a Night*, is in the ſingular Number, and can, therefore, imply only *one Night*.

Thus, if a Lover ſhould aſſure his Miſtreſs that he was worth five hundred Pounds *a Year*, ſhe is only to ſuppoſe him worth five hundred Pounds. The Author thought it highly neceſſary, the night after his Succeſs with the Lady, to explain the above Promiſe in this manner.

SHE.

Dick, you Dog, for all your haſte,
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
'Till *Grace* is ſaid, not a bit you ſhall taſte.
Of my Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

HE.

Widow, you Jade, a fig for the *Grace*;
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
But try how you like me before you give a Leaſe,
Of your Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

SHE.

Dick, you Dog, altho' you brag,
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
Perhaps you may prove but very bad ſhag,
To my Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

HE.

Widow, you Jade, ſince you ſay ſo I will,
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
Fire a ſhot with my long, long *Quil*,
At your Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

SHE.

SHE.

Dick, you Dog, my Heart you have won;
Fal, lal, da lal, &c.
By firing a ſhot with your long, long *Gun*,
At my Chou, chou, cherry chou, &c.

A SONG.

Tune, *Ium bag a ſheam baw.*

HE.

SHEELA, my hunny, come ſhit near me,
For, by my Shoul, I loves you dearly.
Ium bug a ſheam baw.
I loves you better than good Rye;
Orra ſhall I kiſh you? I gad I.
Ium bug, &c.

And

And if you will marry me, my dear,
I'll give you Vine, and ſtrang ſmall Beer;
Ium bug, &c.

And Bunneclaber too galore,
And ſometing elſh; I'll ſhay no more.
Ium bug, &c.

I'll venture Neck and Gizzards too,
To get a good fat Sheeps for you.
Ium bug, &c.

You ſal have Ducks, and good fat Geeſes,
And for you I vil pluck 'em to peeſhes.
Ium bug, &c.

I'll give you Gold and Moneys too,
And ſen I've none, I'll give her to you.
Ium bug, &c.

Orra, *Sheela*, let's be after trying,
Fat they mean by naccupying.
Ium bug, &c.

SHE.

SHE.

Turlagh, you Rogue, fat are you doing?
Orra, by my ſhoul, you'll be my ruin.
Ium bug, &c.

HE.

Hoot, you Fool, I'm only ſtroaking
Your pritty —— Ty, by way of zoking.
Ium bug, &c.

SHE.

Ligumaugh a derſha! let me alone;
Or, fait, I'll cry, Oh hone, Oh hone.
Ium bug, &c.

HE.

Fy den I vil ſtap your mout with kiſhes,
And maake you dumb as any Fiſhes.
Ium bug, &c.

SHE.

Oh! Oh! Oh! you'll ſmudder me;
And den I'll ſfwear my Life 'gainſt thee.
Ium bug, &c.

HE.

HE.

Sheela, a Cuſhlin, be da huſt;
For as your Mudder did, you muſt.——
Ium bug, &c.

SHE.

Vel, *Turlagh*, ſince it muſt be ſo,
Taake caare of hurting me below.——
Ium bug, &c.

HE.

O never fear my *Sheela* hunny,
I vil not hurt a hair of your —— Head.
Ium bug, &c.

SHE.

Oh verry, verry, verry, you'll kill me dead,
You vil, you vil, there's no more to be ſhaid.
Ium bug a ſheam baw.

The

The LAMENTATION *of* BALLYHAISE, *occaſioned by Mr. and Mrs.* N----B----GH'S *going to* England.

Tune, *Lough-Abber.*

FAREWELL *Ballybaiſe*; farewell all ye Groves;
Adieu to the Warblers and ſweet Turtle Doves:
No more will they charm, when *Matilda*'s away.
No more will the Lawns or the Meadows look gay.
Let ev'ry Nymph, and each neighbouring Swain,
With *Daniel*, and all the poor Cottiers complain!

Matilda

Matilda is gone, who their Hearts did inſpire,
With Feaſting, with Joy, and with her ſprightly Lyre.

Let the Waters in murmuring Rills glide away!
Let *Philomel* join in the ſad mournful Lay!
Let each drooping Lilly with Grief hang its head;
Let all things be huſh'd, as if Nature was dead!
No more to the *Paddoc*, ye Bells, and ye Beaus;
No more to Aſſemblies, and ſuch rary Shews:
Matilda is gone, who your Souls did inſpire,
With Feaſting, with Joy, and with her ſprightly Lyre.

No more will the Muses their Darling behold,
Who the Secrets of Nature cou'd ſo well unfold:

No

No more will ſweet Eccho his Numbers repeat,
While attended by * *Cibby* in his cool Retreat:
No more will his Muſic enliven the Place,
No more will he charm with his Fiddle or Baſe:
No Sounds will be heard in thoſe high vaulted Rooms,
But the whiſtling of Winds, as in ſo many Tombs.

---

* A Favourite little Dog of his.

A SONG

A SONG *made with a deſign to Unite the* Whigs *and* Tories *of* Shrewsbury, *who carry their Reſentments and Animoſities to ſo great a length, as not to dance or mingle with each other; and therefore have two different Aſſembly-Rooms.*

Tune, *Talk no more of* Whig *and* Tory, *&c.*

COME all you *Whigs* and *Tories*,
Who long have thus been ſparing,
I'll ſing a Song, to make you ONE,
And reconcile your jaring.
Sure 'tis a ſhame, an empty *Name*,
Shou'd with your Friendſhips interfere,
Or thoſe Things, we call Kings,
Who for you ſo little care.

For when thoſe Princes riſe
To th' utmoſt of their wiſhes,
'Tis one to ten, each Zealot then,
His Expectation miſſes:
Then why ſhou'd we thus diſagree,
Their Ambition to ſupport;
Since all the Prize, can thence ariſe,
Is to be cringing Slaves at Court.

We may as well be angry
With one anothers Faces,
Becauſe each ſpec, is not alike,
Thus paralel the Caſe is:
For as we're bred, ſo we're led,
To Opinions right or wrong,
Then it's abſurd, a ſingle *Word*,
Shou'd diſconcert the merry Throng.

As Providence has plac'd you,
All in one Situation,
Then quarrel not, 'bout this or that,
Relating to the Nation:
But agree, and be Free,
In the ſocial Joys of Life;

Sing

Sing and laugh, drink and quaff,
Free from Party Rage or Strife.

For as the loving * *Severn*
Embraces you together,
With equal Love, like Hand and Glove,
Live, and careſs each other:
Then you will ſee, what Harmony
And Pleaſure will thence redound,
In Union ſweet, you'll always meet,
And with ſeraphic Joys be crown'd.

Now, now's the happy Juncture †
For healing up this Cancer;
Then without Fee, how bleſt I'll be,
If my Endeavours anſwer:
For why ſhou'd you, a War purſue,
Since Europe now ſubſides in Peace;
Then Hand in Hand, together ſtand,
And each other ſtrait embrace.

* A River which almoſt ſurrounds this Town.

† This Song was made in the time of the Races.

EPIGRAMS.

The three following EPIGRAMS *are inſcribed to the Reverend Mr.* L---s B---s, *a remarably ſatyrical Gentleman, to whoſe poignant Wit Mr.* Poekrich *ſtands much indebted; and hopes he will accept of this by way of* Intereſt; *as he may be aſſured, in a little time, of having the* Principal *diſcharged.*

IN Dedication to a Lord,
We all his Titles Name;
BURR's Tittles do ſo well accord,
We'll hand them down to Fame.

To

To be a *Knight* was firſt his fate,
Of *Arts* then dubb'd a *Maſter*;
And *Rev'rence* now does him create,
A ſh——tt——n Poetaſter.

I Sing a Poet and Divine,
A mighty Fav'rite of the NINE.
If you his Pedigree wou'd trace,
The Iſle *Ægina* was the Place
From whence the firſt of them deſcended;
And ſure the Breed is little mended;
Since from a *Piſmire* firſt they came,
And *B——s* ſtill you find the ſame;
So inſignificant a Creature,
We ſhou'd not know he liv'd in Nature,
But for his little *Bites* and *Stings*,
Common to all ſuch *reptile Things*.

---

* JUPITER, at the Deſire of ÆACUS, changed the Piſmires into Men to Re-people this Iſland.

THE Reverend *B——-s* is a pretty Fellow,
In Wit and Size like *Stretches* Punchinello.
Sipping he taſtes the *Heliconian* Spring,
And can of Things minute moſt ſweetly ſing;
But * Towring Flights his pinion'd MUSE declines,
For little *B——s* breaths thro' all his lines.

To

* Mr. *B——s* attempted to ſing the wonderful Effects Mr. *Poekrich's* Glaſſes had on Bailiffs once, which charmed them to ſuch a Degree, that they had not power to execute their Office. The *Bard* firſt began to repreſent his HEROS far ſurpaſſing ORPHEUS; as the former ſoftened the Hearts of *Brutes*, much more inflexible than thoſe that were charmed by the latter; but was obliged to drop the Subject.

To a School-Maſter, who ſent a Preſent of a Dial he made, to a Gentleman, who deſired the Author to write ſomething upon the Occaſion.

THE Dial, Sir, I have receiv'd,
A Preſent fit from you;
On which each Hour of Time's engrav'd,
To teach us what to do.

You, like the Gnomon, ſtand in School,
Your Reaſon like the Sun;
Still pointing round ſome uſeful Rule,
Until your Courſe is run.

And not content their Lives to mend,
To Virtue gently ſpur,
Your abſent Friends, to whom you ſend,
A ſilent Monitor.

CUPID in vain aims at the Heart
Of little jilting PHILLIS;
Who's Arrow-proof in every part,
But one, as was ACHILLES.

On a Lady's ſending the Author a Preſent of two Barrels of Coals.

MADAM, this comes with Humour pleaſant,
To thank you for your friendly Preſent,
Of Coals, two Barrels I receiv'd,
So unexpected and uncrav'd.
Such Favours are not ſtrange to me,
Who oft from Ladies, frank and free
Like you, have got, without deſiring,
A plenteous Store of *Winter's Firing*.

On a Gentleman who was remarkable for ſupplying the want of Bum-fodder with a piece of Gold.

MOST People think
That *Tom* loves Chink,
But I, in troth, deny it;
For were it ſo,
He'd ne'er, you know,
To Fundament apply it.

A Lady once her Huſband found,
Kiſſing her Maid upon the Ground:
Huſſey, ſaid ſhe, *this Work you'll rue,*
Which I ſtill chuſe my ſelf to do.

On a Gentleman who gives his Wine like drops of his Blood.

LET no Man think it odd or ſtrange,
That Wine is Tranſubſtantiated:
For we may prove that wond'rous Change,
When at a certain —— Table treated.

A Bride was contriving the Night of her Marriage.
How ſhe ſhou'd behave to the Groom in her Carriage:
To turn my Back wou'd be great rudeneſs ſure,
If I turn my Face, he may think me a Whore:

What

What ſhall I then do, or how manage?
good lack!
The beſt way, I think, is to lie on my
Back.

On a Man who kept both a Wig-maker's and an Apothecary's Shop.

THAT Man ſure muſt live very warm
and ſnug,
Who can ſell all his Wigs, out of date, for
a Drug.

To a Lady who ſent a Silk Purſe to a Gentleman, after he had taken his leave of her with a deſign to Travel.

YOUR Preſent, CELIA, I receiv'd,
A Preſent fatal to my Heart,
Which might by Abſence be reliev'd,
But that proves vain by CELIA's Art:

For

For as I wand'ring took my flight,
To ſhun the influence of her Eyes,
The Fugitive, tho' out of ſight,
In ſilken Chains a Captive lies.

Thus fares it with the nimble Trout,
In Brook on every ſide beſet;
Flying the Pole that beats about,
'Till caught within the fatal Net.

ST. *Paul* ſaid, to thoſe that were burning for Wenches,
The Marri'ge State was not a Sin;
Becauſe, like a good Water-Engine, it quenches
The Flames that are kindl'd within.

Another

Another on the ſame.

ST. *Paul* ſaid 'twas better to Marry than burn;
The reaſon, perhaps, you'll require:
Becauſe, with your Wife, you may take a ſafe turn;
But Wenches may ſet you on fire.

The following EPIGRAMS *conſiſt of the* Sayings *and ſmart* Repartees *of Others.*

On a Lady's ſeeing a Gentleman making Water under her Window.

A Man caſcading at a Wall,
From Window ſaw a Lady
Laughing; he ſaid, my pretty *Poll*,
What is the matter? Hey day!

From

From whence does all this Laughing ſpring?
Perhaps you'll know hereafter,
Said ſhe; for, Sir, a *little Thing*
In me ſtill raiſes laughter.

On a Landlord's refuſing to help Doctor Aſh *to take off his Coat.*

THE Doctor one Night ſetting up at an Inn,
Fatigu'd with his Journey, and wet to the Skin;
In haſte call'd his Landlord to take off his Coat;
The Landlord reply'd, he'd as ſoon cut his Throat.
No, no, Sir, excuſe me, I'll not be ſo raſh,
Since the Law is ſo ſtrict againſt *ſtripping* of *Aſh*.

On a Gentleman and a Lady who were ſitting by a crowded Fire, on a cold Winter's Night.

A Man ſat by a harmleſs Maid,
His Legs, tho' long, yet wide he fixt them:
Pray keep them cloſer, Sir, ſhe ſaid;
For ſure there is a *Yard* betwixt them.

PRAY, Madam, give me leave to aſk,
What kind of Gown's that on your Back?
Is it to hide your ſhape, a Maſk?
This Gown, ſaid ſhe, they call a Sack.

A Sack, quoth he, why ſure you joke,
An Oath, moſt bloody, then he ſwore,
He oft had ſeen a Pig in Poke,
But ne'er ſaw Sow in Sack before.

TAGUE bringing a Preſent of Patridges ſix,
He thought they'd lye ſnug in the Baſket like Chicks;
But flying away from poor *Tague*, on he went
To deliver a Letter, which likewiſe was ſent.
When the Gentleman read it, he ſaid it was kind,
Here are ſix fat Patridges ſent me I find.
Says *Tague*, den you ſhay, Sir, you've gat ev'ry wan;
By my ſhoul I am glad, for I *taught de were gone*.

A *Scotch* Man once brag'd, that a Fool he ne'er knew
From his Country to come, ev'n of a low Station.
An *Engliſh* Man told him, it was very true;
For ſure none but Fools wou'd remain in that Nation.

A Biſhop

A Biſhop exhorting his Clergy to Marry,
Said, tho' old, in a ſingle State he'd not long tarry.
If ſo, ſaid a Deacon, *My Lord I aſſure that*
For little or nothing, I'll ſerve as your Curate.

AN *Engliſh* Man writing a Letter one Night,
Perceiv'd a tall *Iriſh* Man by him upright:
Then ended his Letter thus; t'other to try:
I now muſt conclude, for a Fellow juſt by,
Reads all that I'm writing. That's falſe abſhurd,
Says *Tague*, by my ſhoul; *for I read not wan vord.*

A Gentleman a Laſs was hauling
Into a Room, his Pain to cure:
When there; he ſaid, I now *bar* ſqualing:
Said ſhe, you had better *bar* the door.

AS the D—n of Saint *Patrick*'s was riding abroad,
He met a poor Man and his Wife on the Road:
And having a mind for a Joke, thus began;
Pray who wears the Breeches? Aſk my A—? ſaid the Man.

A Heathen intending himſelf to declare
A Chriſtian; firſt aſk'd where his Anceſtors were?
Said the Prieſt, they're in Hell all; If that is the caſe;
The Road I'll purſue then that leads to that Place.

GREAT *Solyman* when on his Death-Bed lay,
In his laſt Moments thus began to pray.
Oh LORD *of* HOSTS, *how mighty muſt thou be!*
Who can make SOLYMAN *ſubmit to* THEE.

A Gentleman ſoftly approaching to ſhock
His Doxy, behind gave a ſlap on her centre:
Said ſhe, Sir, *Why at the back-door do you knock?*
When at the ſtreet-door you may eaſily enter.

A Briſk

A Briſk young Fellow and a Maid,
Beneath a Gate were *tete a tete*;
B'ing aſk'd his buſineſs there, he ſaid,
His buſineſs was to *prop-a-gate*.

ONCE on a time a Laſs rid out,
Behind a Man, whoſe name was *Cromwel*;
He ſpurr'd the Horſe, ſhe twin'd about,
And of the Saddle gript the *Pummel*.

Some ſhort time after there aroſe,
Diſputes 'twixt her and other Dames;
To know what 'twas that quickeſt grows,
Whilſt each ſomething or other names.

Said ſhe to them, I'll plainly ſhew,
All you have ſaid's but fiddle faddle;
For nothing in the World can grow
So quick as the *Pummel* of a Saddle.

SOME

SOME Reprobates in great Diſtreſs
At Sea, call'd out aloud;
That Heav'n wou'd make their Danger leſs,
And ſave them from a Shrowd.

One of them being well inclin'd,
Said, *Hold your Tongues! I fear,*
Your Cries will put the Gods in mind,
Such wicked Men are here.

A *Scotch* Man lying at an Inn,
Betwixt two ſimple Loons,
He being on a merry pin;
They lying all like Spoons:

Before and aft at them let fly,
One weaking in a pother,
Huſh! you're well off, ſaid he, *for I*
Am ſh—t—g on the other.

A Lover

A Lover with his Miſtreſs all alone,
Stood ſilent as a Prince upon his Throne,
A long time pauſing thus, at laſt ſaid, poz,
That *Hercules* a very ſtrong Man was.
You ſtronger are, ſhe told him, with a grin,
Who by the Head and Shoulders bring him in.

A Gentleman liking a Lady behind,
Reſolv'd for to kiſs her, provided he'd find
Her Face as agreeable as her back-ſide;
But being deceiv'd, he began to deride,
And told his Intention by way of a Jeſt:
Then, pray Sir, ſaid ſhe, *kiſs the part you like beſt.*

ZELOTES tries, with Ardour, every way,
To prove himſelf a Cuckold Night and Day.
In little Houſe thus we are ſtill inclin'd,
To ſearch for what we don't deſire to find.

THE Prophet *Mahomet* was very nice,
And cur'ous, where to fix his Paradiſe.
At laſt, a Damſel falling in his way,
Soon let him know the *Spot* wherein it lay.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

ERRATA.

Page 59. Line 1. *for*,
Were I a *Biſhop*, *Prieſt*, or *Deacon*,
read,
Were I a *Jewiſh Prieſt* or *Deacon*,
Line 12. *for*, I ſtill conclue, *read*, I'll ſtrait conclude. page 67. line 17. *for*, and advantage, *read*, an advantage.

MVSEVM
NICVM

Theſe Books will be ſold only by the Author, *at Mrs.* Fraine's *in* Uſher's Street.